

catnip

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30481623) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30481623>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Catboys & Catgirls , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , a little tiny bit , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Size Difference , Size Kink , Praise Kink , Pet Names , Aftercare , Dom/sub , Established Relationship , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Breeding Kink , for like. a few seconds
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-05 Words: 2912

catnip

by [timelimez](#)

Summary

Being a cat hybrid, George thrived off of attention.

Dream had been focused on coding a project all day, not even giving George a few minutes of attention at lunch. On one hand, George didn't blame him for wanting to get work done. On the other hand, though, it was past dinner, and Dream was still locked up in his office.

Notes

hello!! i give you catboy george

usual: don't share with cc's, don't repost. this work will be taken down if dream or george ever state they're uncomfortable with nsfw fanfics.

this fic has been sitting in my drafts for a while but i decided to finish it tonight after getting some inspiration finally :D it's kinda different than anything else i've ever written but ... yeah!

twitter: timelimez

enjoy <3

Being a cat hybrid, George thrived off of attention.

Dream had been focused on coding a project all day, not even giving George a few minutes of attention at lunch. On one hand, George didn't blame him for wanting to get work done. On the other hand, though, it was past dinner, and Dream was *still* locked up in his office.

Eager for attention, George had gotten himself dressed in clothes he knew Dream would love: his pink t-shirt, some plain gray sweats, and a sweet pink bow tied around the tip of his silver tail.

George sat on the kitchen counter, nibbling at the chocolate Dream had gotten him the other day, when finally, his boyfriend emerged from the other room.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Dream flopped down on the couch, pulling out his phone. George immediately abandoned his sweets, hopping off of the counter and scurrying over to perch himself on Dream's lap.

Dream raised his eyebrows, glancing up at George before back down at his phone.

George frowned, tugging at Dream's hoodie. "Dream," He whined, sticking his bottom lip out.

"Yeah, kitten?" Dream hummed, not looking up again.

He pouted. "You don't... you don't like my outfit?"

Dream glanced up, taking in George's pink shirt and matching bow. "Cute." He commented before looking back down at his phone.

George was getting angry. "You haven't paid attention to me all day, Dream, and you barely even looked!"

"I was working, George. I'm tired." Dream explained. "I could show you the program I coded, if you wanted."

George huffed. "I want you to pay attention to me, Dream!" He shoved Dream's chest lightly before crossing his arms.

"Aw, my poor kitten," Dream chuckled, finally setting his phone aside and letting his big hands settle on George's small waist.

Satisfied, George leaned into Dream's broad chest, lazily wrapping his arms around his middle. He pressed his face into his boyfriend's shoulder, nuzzling in close.

"I'm sorry for working all day, honey." Dream said softly, letting a hand trail up to run through George's fluffy hair before scratching lightly at the base of his silver ears.

George started to purr quietly, thin chest rumbling against Dream's.

"Sweet boy. I'll give you plenty of attention, don't worry your pretty little head." Dream cooed.

George's purring only intensified at those words, pressing his face into the crook of Dream's neck and inhaling deeply. "Mm, you smell good,"

Dream chuckled, kissing the top of George's head. "What's gotten into you, hm? Normally you're

all bratty.”

George just curled up more, pressing impossibly closer to Dream. “Missed you.”

“Aw.” Dream wrapped a strong arm around George’s waist, making him wiggle happily and snuggle closer. “Poor kitty’s been lonely all day, huh?” He murmured.

“Mhm.” George pressed his face against Dream’s neck, leaving soft little kisses in his wake. “Can I have your hoodie?” He asked, tugging lightly at Dream’s black hoodie.

Dream laughed fondly. “Course you can. You’ve gotta sit back a little for a minute though, baby.”

George pouted before sitting back, letting Dream peel his hoodie off. He watched eagerly, mouth practically watering at the exposed skin. He scrambled out of his own pink t-shirt before snatching the hoodie out of his boyfriend’s hands.

“Eager, huh?” Dream leaned back against the couch, bare chest practically calling George’s name.

George just huffed, pulling the big hoodie over his head and inhaling. He couldn’t help a smile from spreading across his face as he breathed in the warm, comforting scent, the fabric flattening his soft ears against his head as he tugged it on.

“Smells good,” He sighed, nudging under Dream’s arms and nestling himself on his chest.

Dream smiled considerably softer than before, wrapping his arms around George and burying his face in his hair. “You’re cute.” He murmured.

George let out a happy little chirp, purring starting right back up as Dream rubbed his back. He nuzzled his face into his bare chest.

Dream kissed the top of his head fondly before closing his eyes, letting out a content sigh. He figured he could probably get at least a few minutes of rest before taking George to bed.

He was interrupted pretty quickly though, when he felt George shifting around on top of him, a pair of narrow hips rutting against his own and a breathy little noise.

Dream let out a low chuckle. “What are you doing?” He asked, lowering his big hands to rest on George’s hips.

George squirmed, silver ears flattening against his head. “You feel nice.” He muttered, leaving a trail of wet, sloppy kisses up Dream’s chest to his neck.

“Yeah?” Dream squeezed one of his hips, letting the hand trail down to knead at George’s ass.

“Mm, yeah. Warm.” George supplied. He pressed impossibly closer, letting out an excited squeal as Dream pressed a thigh between his legs.

Dream guided him to rut his hips once more, warm fingers digging into the softness of George’s ass over his sweats.

George rocked his hips even faster, biting on his lip and whimpering. “Dream, please,” He begged.

“Please what, sweetheart?” Dream asked, bucking his hips up against George’s a couple times.

“I want you,” He panted, nuzzling into Dream’s neck, his whole little body trembling with the force of how hard he was purring. “Want your cock,”

“Sweet boy.” Dream cooed. “Go on, then. Why don’t you have a little taste?”

Eager, George scrambled out of Dream’s lap to kneel before him on the floor. He wasted no time in yanking Dream’s sweatpants and boxers down to his thighs, mouth watering at the sight of his erection.

Dream chuckled above him, gripping the base of his cock and nudging the head against George’s soft lips. George closed his eyes, dark lashes fluttering against his porcelain cheeks as he nuzzled his face against Dream’s cock.

“Suck, George.” Dream ordered.

George didn’t need to be told twice. He took the head of his cock into his mouth, eagerly lapping up the bead of precum that had formed at the tip. He let out a pleased moan, suckling obediently.

“There’s my good boy,” Dream groaned, petting George’s hair and running his fingers over his soft ears.

Eager for more praise, George opened his mouth even wider to inch down on Dream’s cock, not stopping even when the head hit the back of his throat. He loved the taste, loved the weight of such a big, thick cock on his tongue, forcing his pretty lips to stretch sinfully wide.

“Fuck,” Dream couldn’t help but buck his hips up into the slick heat of George’s mouth, earning a strangled whimper from the smaller man. “You’re so good, baby. Always love to have something in your mouth, don’t you?”

George nodded weakly, looking up at Dream with big doe eyes. He was so precious, still somehow innocent looking despite having a cock shoved down his throat.

“Make me feel good, kitten. Put those pretty lips to good use.”

George closed his eyes, swallowing obediently around his cock before starting to bob his head, letting out sweet little moans as he sucked.

“Such a good boy, George. So fucking pretty.” Dream praised.

George started purring again, sending vibrations up his boyfriend’s erection. He swallowed happily, savoring the salty, distinct taste on his tongue.

“Fuck, that’s good,” Dream groaned, threading his fingers in George’s hair and tugging lightly.

George whimpered, reaching down to palm himself over his sweatpants. He felt himself start to grow wet in his briefs, slick dripping out of his hole.

“Hands to yourself, slut. No touching.” Dream growled, punctuating his statement with a harsh thrust into George’s mouth. He earned a strangled moan in response.

George clasped his hands behind his back, sucking on Dream’s cock like it was the best thing he’d ever tasted. He yelped in surprise when he was suddenly yanked off by his hair, eyes flying open.

“Don’t want to finish before I fuck you,” Dream explained, thumbs stroking the base of George’s soft ears. George gasped softly, scrambling up onto Dream’s lap.

“You’ll fuck me?” He asked sweetly, leaning into Dream’s chest.

Dream chuckled, leaning in and giving George a quick kiss. “I’ll always give you whatever you

need, hon.”

Face flushed red, George squirmed happily, wiggling out of his sweatpants. After kicking them to the floor, he pushed his briefs down eagerly, his cute little cock springing free and leaking against his big hoodie.

“Look at you, all worked up just from sucking me off?” Dream tugged George back into his lap, one hand settling on his slim waist while the other engulfed George’s erection.

“It tastes good,” George defended himself weakly, letting out a whine as Dream slowly pumped his fist.

“Pretty little whore.” Dream cooed. George almost cried with frustration, leaning into Dream’s bare chest and rubbing his ass against his boyfriend’s thick cock.

“Be patient, baby. I need to stretch you.” Dream slid his hand from George’s length down to his ass, pressing a warm finger against his pucker.

“What’s this, huh?” He raised an eyebrow, a wolfish grin spreading across his face. “Got so worked up and needy that you started leaking for me?”

George whimpered, burying his face in Dream’s neck. “Please...”

Dream kissed his shoulder, wrapping his free arm around George’s waist as he gently pressed his index finger inside of George, the passage slicked by his natural lubricant and something that felt suspiciously similar to the lube that sat in a bottle in their bedroom.

He narrowed his eyes. “Did you finger yourself earlier?”

George squirmed, tail lashing from side to side. He nodded meekly.

Dream couldn’t help but let out a fond chuckle. “Couldn’t even wait for me to come and take care of you, huh?” He slid his free hand down to stroke the base of George’s soft tail as he curled his finger.

George jolted on his lap, letting out a surprised squeak. “I just, I-I didn’t want to bother you,” He managed to get out, voice muffled by Dream’s shoulder.

“Well, in that case,” Dream removed his finger from George, lightly nudging at him to sit up before taking the finger into his own mouth and letting out a purposefully lewd sucking noise. George’s face went bright red.

“You can sit on my cock whenever you want, since you’re so desperate.” Dream leaned back, watching George with a lazy grin as he settled his hands on his hips.

George blinked a few times, pouting, before shifting to hover above Dream’s cock, gripping the base with a delicate hand to press the head of it to his waiting hole.

Steadying himself with a hand on one of Dream’s broad shoulders, he slowly sank down on his cock, letting out a pitiful moan before coming to a stop.

“God, how much - how much is left?” He panted, looking at Dream with glassy eyes.

Chewing on his lip to keep himself from thrusting up into the delicious heat, Dream looked down. “About halfway there, honey.”

George let out a cry, the first tears of the night slipping down his rosy cheeks. “It’s already so much...!” He whimpered, sliding down a couple more inches before squeezing his eyes shut.

“You can take it, baby. You’ve taken it before. I guess I need to fuck you more often, huh? Keep you nice and open so you can take my cock without any trouble?” Dream praised, slipping his hand under George’s hoodie to stroke his waist.

George pursed his lips, eyebrows knitting together as he lowered himself down the last few inches, settling himself on Dream’s lap with a relieved moan.

“There you go. See?” Dream rubbed George’s back soothingly, guiding him to rest against his chest.

George panted, closing his eyes once more as he struggled to adjust around Dream’s cock.

Dream was bigger than him in every way—tall, broad shoulders, big hands, long legs, huge dick. He was a more petite man himself, but Dream made him feel absolutely tiny.

He *loved* it.

“Dream, it’s - it’s too big,” He whimpered, the noise high in his throat. “I-I can’t, it’s too big!”

“You can. And you will.” Dream squeezed his hip.

George let out a weak cry. “It’s all the way up here, Dreamie, feel,” He pressed Dream’s hand to his belly, feeling the bulge there from Dream’s cock inside of him.

Dream groaned, fighting the urge to buck his hips. “Fuck. Poor little kitten can hardly even handle my cock, huh? You’re too small.”

George clenched harshly around him at that, moaning into Dream’s shoulder. “I-I’m too small,” He repeated, tail wrapping lazily around Dream’s wrist to keep his hand on his stomach, little pink ribbon tickling his arm.

“Start moving, princess.” Dream ordered, voice low, and there was no way in hell George could resist that tone.

Stabilizing himself on Dream’s shoulders once again, George sat up, pulling his oversized hoodie off and tossing it aside. He started rocking himself back and forth slowly, chewing on the inside of his cheek and letting out soft little moans.

“*Ride me*, kitten.” Dream growled. George nodded quickly, face flushing, before starting to carefully raise himself up on Dream’s length. Once he was a few inches up, he lowered himself back down, exhaling a whine.

He continued the pattern, gradually picking up the pace until he was slowly but surely bouncing on his boyfriend’s fat cock, a bulge rising and falling in his stomach.

“That’s my good boy.” Dream praised, more fuzz to add to George’s hazy mind.

It wasn’t long before George started shaking though, slim thighs trembling with the effort of riding.

“Dreamie, I can’t,” He cried, collapsing against Dream’s chest in search of comfort. “It’s too big, I need your help.”

Dream laughed, low and gravelly, big hands resting firmly on George's little waist. "Sweet little kitty." He cooed, planting his feet firmly on the ground before thrusting up harshly into George's slick heat.

George wailed, the blunt head of Dream's cock ramming right into his prostate. "Like that! Like that, please!" He begged, sharp claws scratching up Dream's shoulders.

Dream wasted no time in readjusting his grip on George's hips to steady him before thrusting up as hard as he could again, aiming straight for the smaller man's prostate.

George continued to sob, voice cracking and breaking until he was reduced to nothing but weak, punched out little moans.

"You're so fucking beautiful, baby. Take my cock so well. Bet you want me to come in you, fill you up nice and full and breed you, huh?"

George keened, throwing his head back and doing his best to start bouncing on his cock again. "Fuck! Yes, yes, breed me! Please, please, need it so bad!"

Dream groaned, nails digging harshly into George's bony little hips, sure to bruise the next day. "I don't know, kitten, maybe you're too small to take it."

"I can take it! I can, I need it, please, need your come," George wailed, tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Show me how much you need it." Dream hissed.

George sobbed. "Please! Please, please, just," He sputtered, sharp claws running down Dream's chest as he shakily bounced.

"Fuck, I want you to come for me. Come on my cock. Then I'll give you what you want."

George sniffled, starting up an even faster pace as Dream thrust up into him. "Dream!" He cried out, throwing his head back and clenching harshly around Dream's huge cock as he came, his own little cock spurting all over both of their stomachs.

"Good boy, such a good boy," Dream groaned, the tightness around his length almost unbearable. "Let me fill you up, princess. Gonna fill you with my come and plug you up, make sure you're nice and full all night."

George moaned, the thrusting against his prostate making him so overstimulated it was almost painful. "Please. I need it, I love it, I love *you*!"

That was the final straw. Giving one last particularly deep thrust, Dream let out a moan as he came, filling George up with his warm release.

George was quivering on his lap, tears still slipping down his cheeks as he went limp in Dream's arms.

"Fuck, George, you okay?" Dream asked softly, leaning back against the couch cushions and holding George's hips much more gently.

George lifted his head and blinked blearily a few times, clearly trying to get rid of his fuzz in his brain, before nodding.

“Oh, honey,” Dream murmured, cupping his cheek and thumbing away his pearly tears. “C’mere.” He leaned in for a sweet kiss, gentle and soft.

“Mm, plug?” George said quietly, hardly above a whisper.

Dream laughed gently. “I’ll get you your plug. And then let’s take a bath, okay? Get nice and cleaned up?”

George nodded in agreement, looking down for a moment before slowly lifting himself off of Dream’s spent cock. He winced at the feeling, immediately burying his face in Dream’s chest and clenching his hole, trying to keep as much come inside as possible.

“Alright, baby, c’mere. I’ll put your plug in you and then you can sit in the bedroom while I run a bath, does that sound good?” He asked, scooping George up into his arms and standing up on slightly wobbly legs.

George just nodded, starting to purr softly as he nuzzled closer to Dream.

“Cutie,” Dream muttered, starting to head to their bedroom. “And I love you too, George.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!